Cooſen, on Wedneſday next, our Counſell we will hold
At *Winſor*, ſo informe the Lords:
But come your ſelfe with ſpeed to vs againe,
For more is to be ſaid, and to be done,
Then out of anger can be vttered.

Weſt. I will my Liege.

Exeunt.

Enter Prince of Wales, and ſir Iohn Falſtaffe.

Fal. Now *Hall*, what time of day is it lad?

Prince. Thou art ſo fat-witted with drinking of old Sacke, and vnbuttoning thee after ſupper, & ſleeping vpon Benches after noone, that thou haſt forgotten to demand that truely, which thou wouldeſt truely know. What a deuill haſt thou to doe with the time of the day? Vnleſſe houres were cups of Sacke, and minuts Capons, & Clocks the tongues of Bauds, and Dials the ſignes of Leaping houſes, and the bleſſed Sun himſelfe a faire hot Wench in flame coulored Taffata; I ſee no reaſon why thou ſhouldeſt bee ſuperfluous to demand the time of the day.

Falſ. Indeed you come neere me now *Hall*, for we that take Purſes, goe by the Moone and ſeuen ſtarres, and not by *Phœbus*, he, that wandring Knight ſo faire: and I prethee ſweete wagge, when thou art King, as God ſaue thy Grace; Maieſty I ſhould ſay, for Grace thou wilt haue none.

Prince. What none?

Falſ. No by my troth, not ſo much as will ſerue to be prologue to an Egge and Butter.

Prince. Well, how then? come roundly, roundly.

Falſ. Marry then, ſweet wag, when thou art King, let not vs that are Squires of the nights body, be called Theeues of the dayes beauty: let vs be *Dianaes* Forreſters, Gentlemen of the ſhade, minions of the Moone; and let men ſay, we be men of good gouernment, being gouerned as the ſea is, by our noble and chaſt Miſtris the Moone; vnder whoſe countenance we ſteale.

Prince. Thou ſayeſt well, and it holdes well too, for the fortune of vs that are the Moones men, doth ebbe, and flow like the Sea, being gouerned as the Sea is by the Moone; as for proofe

proofe. Now a purſe of gold moſt reſolutely ſnatcht on Monday night, and moſt diſſolutely ſpent on Tueſday morning; got with ſwearing lay by, and ſpent with crying bring in: now in as low an ebbe as the foote of the Ladder, and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the Gallowes.

Falſ. By the Lord thou ſayeſt true lad: and is not my Hoſteſſe of the Tauerne a moſt ſweet wench?

Prince. As the hony of *Hibla*, my old lad of the Caſtle, and is not a Buffe Ierkin a moſt ſweet robe of durance?

Falſ. How now, how now mad wagge, what in thy quips and thy quiddities? What a plague haue I to do with a Buffe Ierkin?

Prince. Why, what a poxe haue I to doe with my Hoſteſſe of the Tauerne?

Falſ. Well, thou haſt cal'd her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

Prince. Did I euer call for thee to pay thy part?

Falſ. No, Ile giue thee thy due, thou haſt payd all there.

Prin. Yea and elſe where, ſo far as my coyne would ſtretch; and where it would not, I haue vſde my credit.

Falſ. Yea, and ſo vſde it, that were it not heere apparant that thou art Heire apparant. But I prethee ſweet wag, ſhall there be Gallows ſtanding in *England*, when thou art King? & reſolution thus fubd as it is with the ruſty curb of old father antick the Law: do not thou whē thou art a king hang a theefe.

Prince. No, thou ſhalt.

Falſ. Shall I? O rare! by the Lord Ile be a braue Iudge.

Prince. Thou iudgeſt falſe already. I meane thou ſhalt haue the hanging of the Theeues, and ſo become a rare Hangman.

Falſ. Well *Hall*, well, and in ſome ſort it iumpes with my humor, as well as waiting in the Court, I can tell you.

Prince. For obtaining of ſutes?

Falſ. Yea, for obtaining of ſutes, whereof the Hangman hath no leane Wardrop, Zblood I am as melancholy as a gyb Cat, or a lugd-Beare.

Prince. Or an old Lion, or a Louers Lute.

Falſ. Yea, or the Drone of a *Lincolneſhire* Bagpipe,

Prince. What ſayeſt thou to a Hare, or the melancholy of

Moore-